SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XV (New Series). OCT. 5, 1905. No. 118

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By EUGEN SANDOW

Club Swinging.

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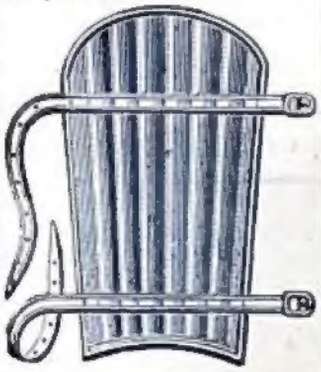

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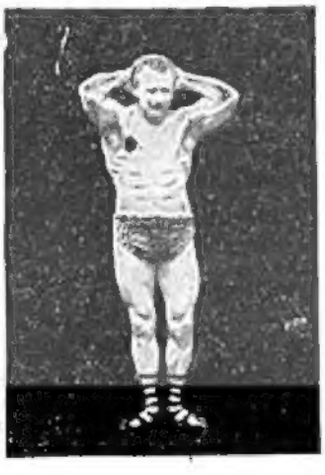

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Vol. XV. (New Series). OCTOBER 5TH, 1905. No. 118.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By EUGEN SANDOW.

IT can scarcely be necessary for me to point out to my readers the fact that after an absence of some 18 months, much requires to be done, with the result that one finds himself in the position that, in order to accomplish all one could desire, or is required, a process of dissection becomes almost imperative. But as this is alike undesirable and unpleasant, I will waive the operation and at once take this opportunity of saying that, much as I would wish it, I am utterly unable to cope with the extraordinary number of duties required of me at the present time, but that each and all shall receive attention at the earliest possible moment. It is exceedingly pleasant to find oneself so much in demand, for it gives undeniable proof that whilst absent from home I have not been forgotten, and whilst my reception abroad was of a most cordial description and the offer to remain oft-times repeated, it is indeed pleasant to be once

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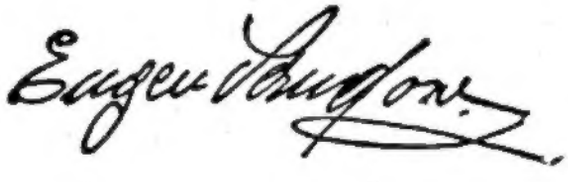
more amongst the scenes of one's early triumphs and the people who, although slow to adopt them, were the first to accept my principles and methods.

As I have already said, my time during the brief space that has elapsed since my return, has been so much occupied that even had I divided myself into sections, there would still have been a portion left undone. Therefore, it has scarcely been possible for me to diagnose the position of affairs at home in the matter of physical culture or physical education, that is, speaking in the broader sense. Of course, I have been kept well posted in matters of importance that have occurred during my absence, as no doubt you will have observed. However, speaking generally, it appears to me that, whilst the cry has become loud and long with regard to the urgent necessity for physical education throughout the country, it has yet to be answered thoroughly. There is one trait in the British character which it seems difficult to eliminate, and that is lack of combination. All have a desire to accomplish something, but directly it becomes a question of moving, that concerted action which is so necessary for success does not materialise. Each wants to go his own particular way, or what cohesion there is, is of the mildest description, with the result that the achievement is not so great as might be expected. We have a vivid example of this at the present time. Early in the year a most influential gathering formed itself into a recognised body, pledged to set about reforming matters dealing with physical culture and hygiene. An influential governing body was elected; offices were taken in an influential quarter. The objects were sufficient to commend it to everyone who has the interest of his country at heart, and a number of influential people lent their patronage and have become members—but there we stop. Its influence has yet to be felt. I had expected upon my return to find this newly-constituted body, in the freshness of its enthusiasm, to have made rapid strides towards the consummation of its aims and objects, but instead I find nothing done.

Those who know me will admit that I am a man of action. "Deeds, not words," has ever been my motto, and it will continue to be so. The undertaking I have entered upon is a stupendous one, and one that requires all the energy one can put into it, but with me there is no such word as "Fail!" and I shall never rest until I have succeeded in my endeavour to make physical culture a national asset, and that at no distant date. To accomplish this we must first set about cultivating the trait "cohesion," and that can best be done by concentrating our forces. Here, then, we have the means; the method, in a very little while, I hope to place before you.



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Hints on Club Swinging.

By TOM BURROWS

(Champion of the World).

Edited by F. NEVILLE PIGGOTT.

Cinematograph photographs specially for this series by R. W. Paul, 68 High Holborn, W.C.

VIII.

IN Plate XXX I describe back circles and a hip glide with three clubs. You commence with an outward back circle with the two clubs in the right hand, and make an inward hip glide with the club in the left. The illustrations 1 to 4 describe the position for the hip glide with the one club and the finish of the back circle.

Plate XXXI also describes a movement for the four clubs, in what I call a side cross combination. This is a very difficult evolution, and will require a considerable amount of practice before it can be successfully accomplished. Having followed the movements shown, you continue to windmill circles.

We now return to two-club work—Plate No. XXXII—showing a cross over-arm combination. In this you cross the one club over the other and make a parallel swing; the positions being clearly described in the illustrations.

Plate No. XXXIII is an elaboration of the cross over-arm combination described in the previous series, but this time with three clubs. By combining the two series in Plates No. XXXII and XXXIII. you will get the correct combination, and can continue the movement to windmill swings.

The next series, Plate No. XXXIV, is a straight arm extended combination for four clubs, which will call into play severely the power of the muscles of the arms and shoulders. Keep your clubs, as shown in the photographs, until you have completed an inward back shoulder and front combination. The extended position of the four clubs will also test your grip considerably.

The "bunch" of four clubs, as shown in Plate No. XXXV, it would be as well to introduce with the combination, which I have described in Plate No. XXXI, and you will then have an interesting combination.

I again take a set position in Plate No. XXXVI, in order to describe a front, back, and hip glide. The illustration shows the position of the two clubs ready for an outward glide combination. Swing the left club downwards and outwards until you can draw it outwards as shown, then make a front outward glide and continue to an outward combination. The

plate describes the correct position to assume at the finish of the glide.

Returning to movements with four clubs, we have, in Plate XXXVII, what I term a star windmill combination, which, it will be found, has a very fine effect. The star shape of the movement is seen in No. 2 of the series.

PLATE No. XXX.

Photo R. W. Paul.

BACK CIRCLES AND HIP GLIDE WITH THREE CLUBS.

PLATE No. XXXI.

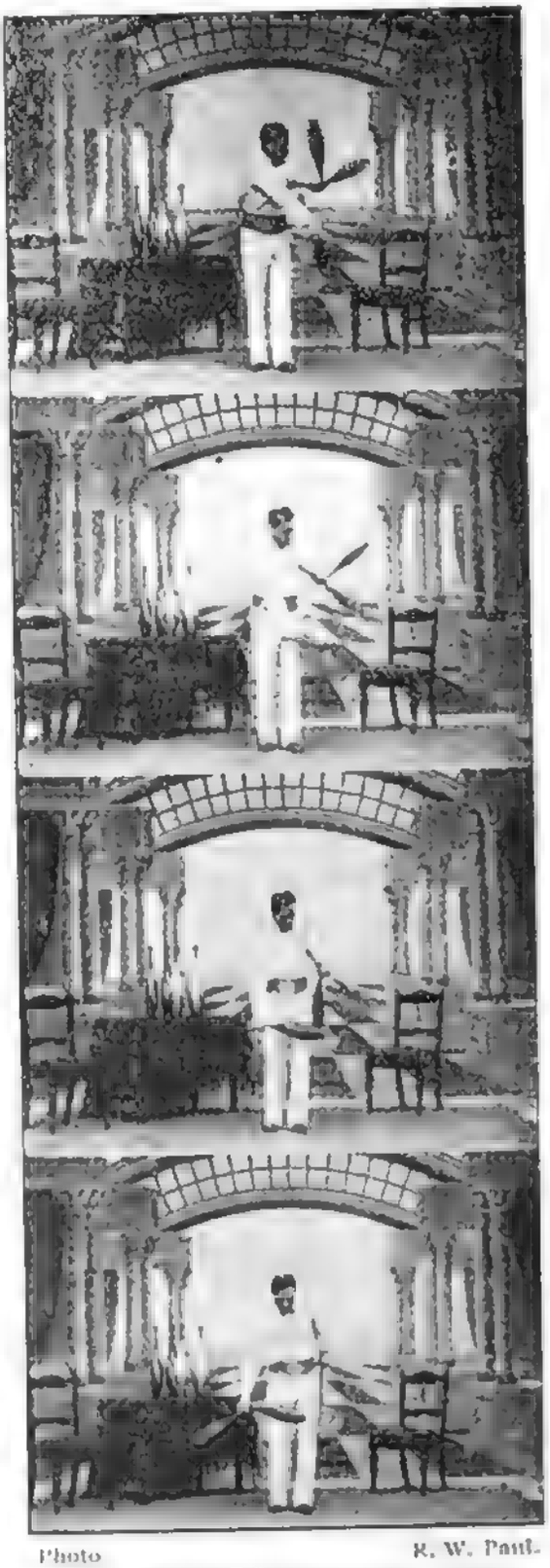

Photo R. W. Paul.

SIDE CROSS COMBINATION WITH FOUR CLUBS.

In Plate No. XXXVIII we have another star combination, but this time with only three clubs, discarding the fourth in the left hand. It is necessary to keep the one club in the left hand well in advance, so as to assume the "bunch" above the shoulder.

(To be continued.)

PLATE No. XXXII.

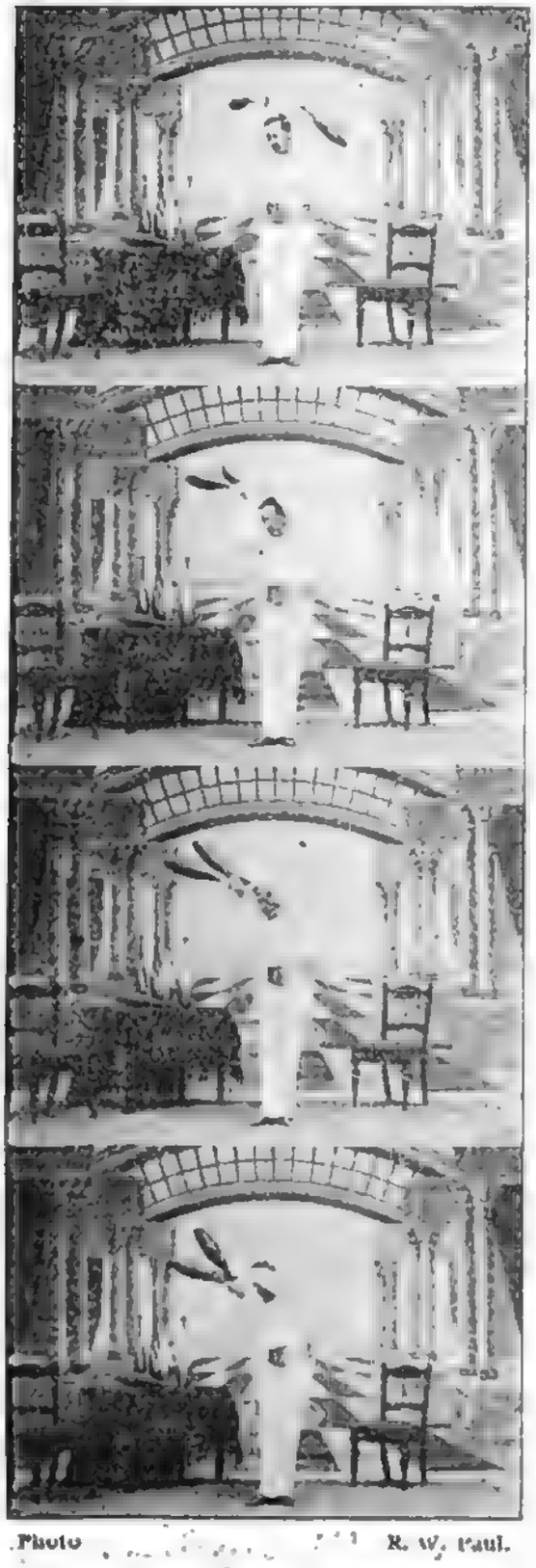

Photo R. W. Paul.

CROSS OVER-ARM COMBINATION.

PLATE No. XXXIII.

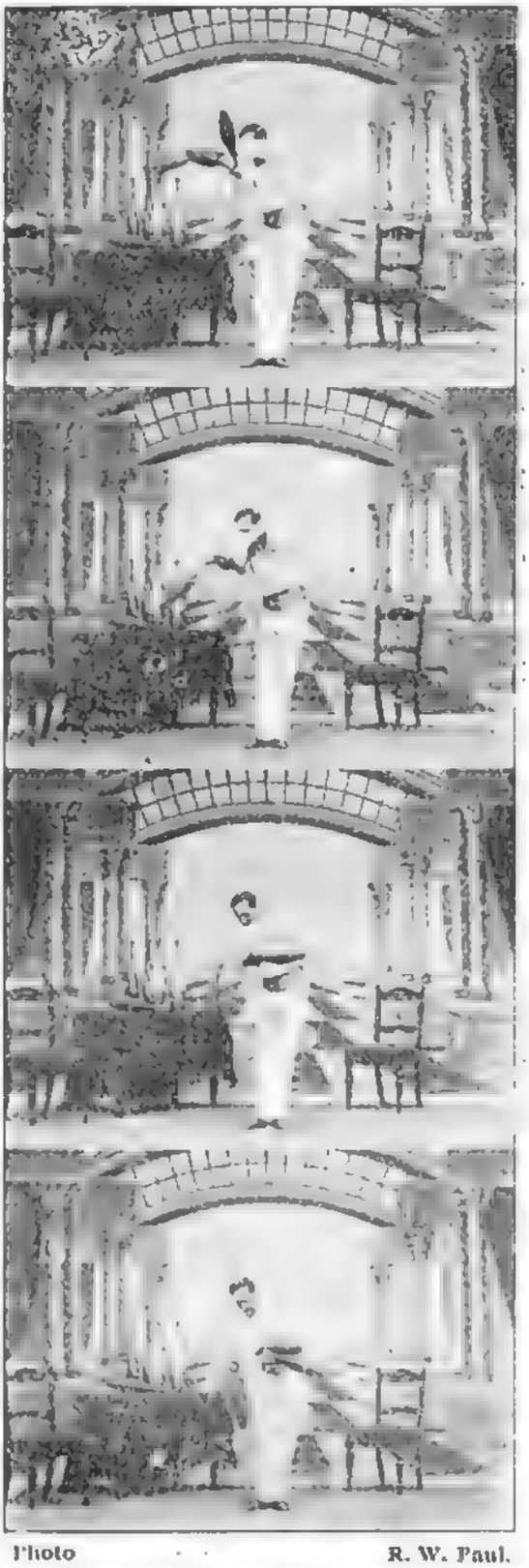

Photo R. W. Paul.

CROSS OVER-ARM COMBINATION *(Continued)*.

PLATE No. XXXIV.

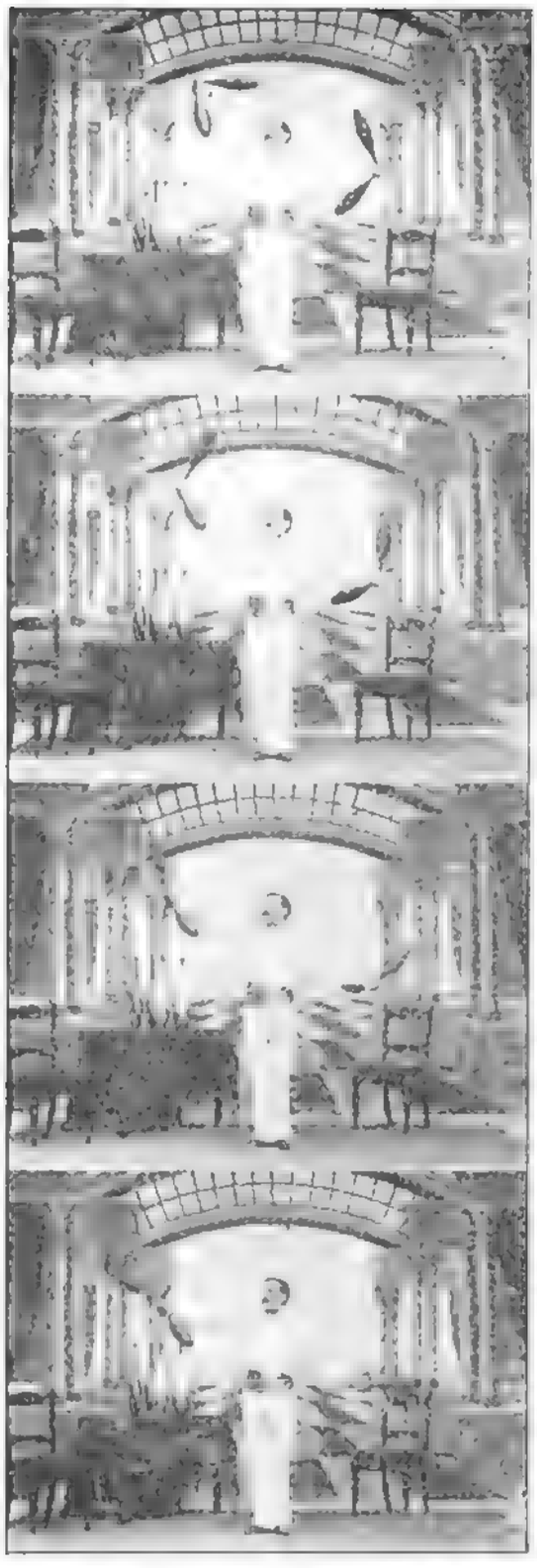

Photo R. W. Paul.

STRAIGHT ARM EXTENDED COMBINATION WITH FOUR CLUBS.

PLATE No. XXXV.

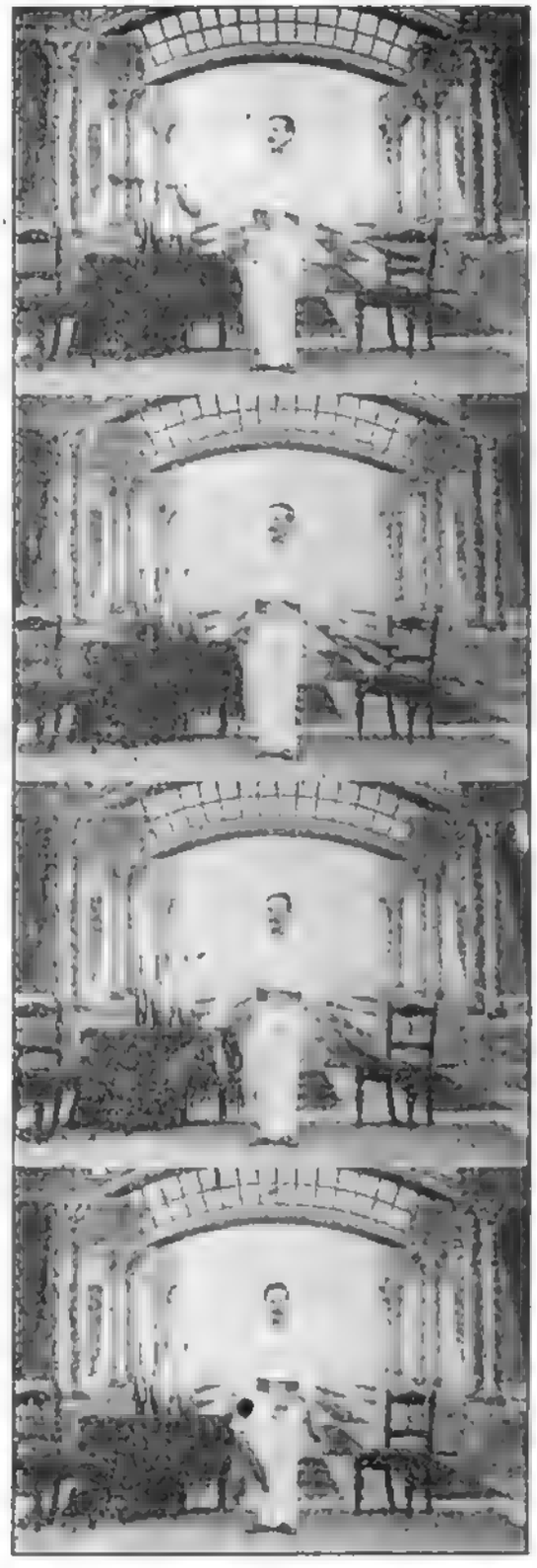

Photo R. W. Paul.

BUNCH COMBINATION WITH FOUR CLUBS.

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Arthur Lawson, Yorkshire.
Edward Jennings, Sunderland.
Daniel Lomax, Southampton.
Henry Hopkins, Leeds.
Chas. Macpherson, Worcester.
F. Barrington, Limerick.
Alfred Gibbs, Blackburn.
George Jacobs, Westmoreland.
Samuel Laurence, Canterbury.
P. A. Martin, Surrey.
Herbert Bell, Gateshead.
Grant M. Scott, Edinburgh.
Albert Nash, Wath-on-Dearne.
John S. Reuben, Mysore.
W. Harrold, Tynemouth.
A. A. Venayecka, Bombay.

PLATE No. XXXVI.

Photo R. W. Paul.

FRONT, BACK AND HIP GLIDE.

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The Tightest Place I was ever in.

V.—Almost Shot for an Outlaw.

By R. M. MACDONALD

(*Author of "In Search of Opal," &c.*).

• • •

BEING a world wanderer I have been in several tight places, and if my getting out had depended on my own efforts I would long ere this have pegged out my last claim. The following is one of those experiences. It made much copy for the Western American papers at the time, and well illustrates the old proverb: "There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip."

I was one of a party of fortune-seekers who, during the Rush of '98, set out for the Klondike eldorado. We were all British, and good specimens at that, and we left Skagway to cross the snow-covered Chilcoot Pass at a time when none others would leave the vile smelling saloons of the hot little log township.

We gained the summit after three days' persistent and sleepless effort, and pitched our first camp on the frozen surface of Crater Lake, a dark and dismal depression just beyond the Chilcoot. There was no timber near to make a fire, so, after boiling some coffee at the expense of a pair of gum boots, we lost no time in rolling ourselves in our blankets. About midnight I awoke; a fierce blizzard was howling over our heads but we were quite sheltered and comfortable in our tent. I knew, however, that it was not the blizzard that had awakened me, and listening intently, I heard the heavy breathing of a man as he stumbled along through the driven snow: "Great Scott, boys," I cried, rousing my comrades, "Here is some poor beggar floundering in the blizzard."

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

"Mair like he's a prowling thief," spoke Mac, sleepily, "Hallo. Here he is." At that moment the crunching steps stopped in front of our tent, the flap was drawn apart, and a haggard face peered in.

"Well," said Harry Mowbray, a Devonshire six-footer, sitting up and handling his revolver, "Have you a visiting card?"

"For Heaven's sake let me in," gasped the stranger, with an accent that at once showed him to be an American. "I've had an accident, an' I'll not live another minute out here."

"You certainly look as if you had been both hanged and shot," remarked big Tassy O'Connor, our chief. "But come inside, we don't want to have your death laid to our charge." The stranger entered. He was a fearful sight. His face was deathly white, and his garments were matted in several places with frozen blood clots.

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"For Heaven's sake, boys, don't take the Linderman trail," the stranger said, after we had doctored and fed him. "It is a camp of murderers run by Chilcoot Charlie, the biggest cut-throat in the Nor' West. See what they have done to me."

"But we must go by Lake Linderman," I cried, wondering what on earth anyone could have done to him to bring about his awful appearance. "We mean to take sleighs from there down the Yukon to Dawson City—"

"No, no, miss it out. I know a good camping spot five miles further down the river. I'll lead you to it by a track only known to myself."

The stranger was evidently so sincere in his advice regarding Lake Linderman, the next camping place on our route, that we thought it best to miss it out, and in the morning he led us over what has since been called the Dead Man's Trail, and at night we struck the Yukon River five miles below the camp on the Lake Linderman. Here we erected our tent securely, intending to build sleighs to transport our stores over the ice-bound waterway. The stranger, who gave his name as Happy Higgins, worked with us the first day, but that night he disappeared, taking with him my specially made boots, and every other portable thing he could get his hands on without awakening us. As I was supposed to be in charge of the camp that night, I felt very angry in the morning when I discovered our loss, and rousing Mowbray I told him I was going out on a little shooting expedition, and drawing on the American boots Higgins had left, I seized my rifle, and set out over his tracks in the snow.

ON THE TRAIL.

They led straight up the river and into Camp Linderman, and burning with indignation I followed. Linderman was a camp of log huts and tents built by those miners who elected to stay there until the arrival of Spring, before making the dangerous trip to Dawson. Such at least we had been informed at Skagway, and such it now appeared to me, and I straightway dismissed Higgin's story of Chilcoot Charlie and his gang. It was eleven o'clock in the morning and the red sun was just appearing over the divide when, still following the tracks, I entered a log erection on the door of which was rudely painted, "The Bonanza Hotel: meals and drinks at a dollar a time." Higgins and three other evil-looking specimens of humanity were playing cards on an upturned packing box, and about a dozen picturesquely garbed miners were drinking "pisen" at the bar.

"Wal, I guess that *are* nerve," spoke Higgins, blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke from his mouth, "Hyere's the very cuss we've been tomb-stoning—Cover him, boys."

"Higgins!" I cried, "I don't know if there are any representatives of the law in this part of the world, or not, but if you don't come out of my boots in three seconds, you'll probably die in them."

"See hyere," cried Higgins, rising. "Even allowing that ye is Chilcoot Charlie, I am not a tenderfoot myself, an' I guess if we start love-making I've been at the game before, an'—ah! that's right."

Half a dozen men had thrown themselves upon me, and wrenching my rifle from my grasp tied my arms behind my back round it. Before they had quite mastered me, however, I relieved one man of his front teeth—he swallowed them—and another went reeling up to and over the little bar, smashing in his passage about a dozen tanglefoot bottles. But I was now powerless.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Higgins. "I guess, ole man, you'll go to Heaven this time all right. I'll see ye off myself—"

AN APPEAL TO JUSTICE.

"Is this a camp of cut-throats?" I cried. "Or is it Canadian?"

"Canadian, I think you'll find," answered one of my assailants, grimly. "It was Yanks that swung ye the last time—but carry him out, boys."

"Then if you are Canadians, I claim your help. That man robbed our camp this morning."

"Too thin, Charlie," laughed all. "We tracked you here. Everyone knows your boots."

"But they are his. He stole mine," I cried.

"Tell that to Saint Peter when ye see him. Come on, boys," cried one who seemed to be a leader.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, the usual thing; only we'll make sure that if ye do come the Yukon way again it will be as a ghost—"

"But I am a British subject. I—"

"So is every man here, Chilcoot Charlie, and ye can't pull the wool over our eyes like you did the Amurricans."

"Men," I cried, "if you are Britons, listen to me. I am a member of Tassy O'Connor's party—"

"And we are the vigilantees of Camp Linderman. We know you can twist your face anyway you like, but we mean to stamp out you and your gang. Some of the boys caught you and strung you up on Crater Lake yesterday, but it seems they didn't do the trick right. Anyhow, they are not back yet, and we're goin' to do it now, for the Yukon's been plagued long enough by you."

"I am not Chilcoot Charlie. My name is—" Here I started to explain who I was, and even produced letters from the Government Administrator, but no one paid any attention.

"We are not going nap on these," laughed the leader. "Ah, halt now, boys."

They had carried me out over the ice, and now placed me standing beside a dark, gloomy hole, at the bottom of which I could hear the river rushing past.

SHORT SHRIFT.

"I suppose you are all agreed, boys?" enquired the leader.

"I guess so. Anyhow, go through the performance; we are British, you know," responded someone, and the leader, addressing me, said: "Chilcoot Charlie, you are wanted by both the Canadian and the United States Government, and the vigilantees of every camp between the coast and Dawson are on your trail. You have been left for dead several times, but the devil always looks after his own, and so it is left for the Linderman boys to see that you go to him this time. Now that you have had as fair a trial as there is any need for, is there anything you would like to say?"

"Yes," I said, now wonderfully cool and collected. "After this extremely fair British trial is over, I know you are going to shoot me, and if you will not send down to my comrades at the Five Mile crossing to prove who I am, you might at least unbind me."

"Anything to oblige," spoke one, cutting the ropes that bound me. "Anything else?"

"Yes; you might give me a chance of getting even with Higgins there. We saved his life on Crater Lake yesterday."

"Oh, no, you've done enough damage already. When you have quite finished speaking some of the boys will line up, and when I count three they'll ventilate you, and you'll drop into the Yukon there. Perhaps you'll be at Dawson City before any of us, but I don't think what's left of you will hold much ground." The men laughed, and my heart almost stopped beating from fear that they would discover what I had already noticed.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

"Oh, hurry up," I cried, desperately. "Get it over and suffer for it after. Remember, I have comrades who will call you to account for this."

"We'll take that risk," observed several, and shortly after everything was settled. The population of Linderman had now gathered around, but I was past taking any interest in what transpired, although I noticed that some were objecting to the treatment I was receiving, urging that I was too youthful in appearance and spoke too well to be Chilcoot Charlie. It was to no purpose, however, for the vigilantees had supreme

power, and their fiat had gone forth. I refused to be blindfolded, and six of them levelled their rifles, Higgins being one of them.

"One!" cried Campbell, the leader, and I set my teeth through my lips in an endeavour to retain the mastery of my nerves. "Two!" he cried, and I gathered myself together. "Three!" The word followed by the rifle reports sounding faintly in my ears, a thunderous roar reverberated everywhere, and deafened me to all other sounds. But I had succeeded so far. Just as the word three was on the point of utterance, I had thrown myself backwards into the hole, and the shots had gone over my head. I had timed my spring to the exact psychological moment, and was now resting on a detached block of ice, floating down the Yukon with its icy roof five feet over my head. I kept my nerve, and sailed on in the semi-darkness for what seemed an eternity of time, but at length a patch of light appeared ahead, and gathering all my strength I sprang at the opening, and after a severe struggle drew myself out on the ice. I was within four hundred yards of our camp, and after gasping out a few brief words as to what had happened to my comrades when I reached the tent, my nerves gave way, and I knew no more.

THE DENOUMENT.

A week later we struck Waish's camp on the Big Salmon River. He was the Government Agent, and knowing Tassy O'Connor well, we camped with him for some time. "By the way," he said, one day, "An Indian runner has just come in from Linderman with the news that Chilcoot Charlie has given up his ticket this time all right."

"Indeed!" I said.

"Yes; it seems he has always been able to escape hitherto at the expense of some innocent person, and as some of the vigilantees all along the trail are members of his gang, that was easy; but this time, apparently, he dropped in his boots. I am authorised to pay a thousand dollars to the man who dropped him, but as yet I have received no particulars as to who that individual was."

"You can give us stores for the money, then," said Mac quietly. "I sent a forty-four through Happy Higgins or Chilcoot Charlie, or whatever you like to call him, last Monday, when he came to rob our camp this side of Linderman."

What the vigilantees said when they discovered their mistake, is not within my knowledge. I met Campbell afterwards near Dawson City, and shared my dinner with him.

Accident to Lord Dudley's Yacht.

An alarming accident befel the Viceroy of Ireland (Lord Dudley) and a small party on Sept. 21, while yachting on Loch Erne, Ireland. The accident occurred during a yacht race, in which Lord Dudley sailed his own boat. He was accompanied by Capt. and Lady Mary Crichton, and when within half a mile of the finishing point the yacht capsized in the gale of wind which was blowing at the time. Happily, the boat did not sink, and so the party were enabled to hold on until a motor launch, which happened to be coming up from the rear, effected a timely rescue. Capt. Crichton was injured on the leg in using a knife to cut away some of the rigging. Naturally the affair created a sensation, and it was a great relief to know that nothing more serious had been incurred than an unpleasant immersion.

—PHYSICAL CULTURE.—

* *

The following excellent treatise appeared recently in the "Scarborough Mercury."

* * *

THERE are some, indeed many, who have got a very mistaken idea as to what physical culture really is. They are apt to confuse it with recreative exercise, and at the mention of the words "physical culture," their thoughts immediately fly to gymnastics, weight-lifting, or athletics. Physical culture is not gymnastics or weight-lifting, neither is it athletics. Physical culture means an all-round development, whereby the organisms of the body, at the same time as the muscles of the body, are brought into a thoroughly healthy condition, so enabling one to realise to the full what real health is. There are some whom it is almost impossible to convince that a thorough course of systematic physical exercise can bring about results which even medicines would fail to achieve. Physical culture and recreative exercises are about as different as a "loaf and a brick." Recreative exercise is unconscious, as, for instance, when running, the mind is not continuously on the muscles which are being worked; the mind is intent upon the goal which has to be reached. If it were concentrated upon the various muscles which are being brought into play, then I am afraid the runner would never reach the goal. In proof of this, take a short walk, or run, making each movement with a conscious effort, and you will be surprised how soon you are tired. Physical culture is the scientific building up of the body to supply the strength which has to be applied to recreative exercise. I rather like the way in which Eugen Sandow describes the difference between physical culture and recreative exercise. He places work in the same class as recreative exercise. He says, "Work is unconscious. You take, for instance, the blacksmith. He swings 'His heavy sledge with measured beat and slow' throughout the day, but he does it mechanically. There is no effort of will power in each individual stroke. If there were, he could not maintain it for fifteen minutes. Take two young men, and set one at work as a blacksmith all day, and to the other give some arm exercises, with will power for a few minutes every day, and the second will not only soon pass the first, but at the end of a year will be able to show better developed arms than many a blacksmith who has worked ten or twenty years at his trade." And this is where physical culture comes in. Firstly, it occupies so little time, and, secondly, it is conducted with the expenditure of will power. Physical culture develops the muscular system, improves the mind, increases the circulation of the blood, and has a beneficial influence over all the organs of the body, which enables them to perform their functions; consequently it strengthens the nervous system, and leads to produce a feeling of well-being and fitness which medicines fail to do, and takes the place of the exercises afforded by games or outdoor sports which busy men, leading a sedentary life, are unable to indulge in. The old-fashioned idea that physical culture is only a faddish practice of a few cranks has long since been exploded, and it is now recognised as the real and only

national method of gaining and retaining perfect health. It has been proved without a doubt that a systematic course of physical culture properly applied is the surest remedy and safeguard for almost all the ills of the human body. When indulging in healthy exercise we are making new blood, and blood is the fuel which fires the human engine. Without sufficient fuel the engine cannot work properly, and without a certain amount of exercise the human engine will not perform its functions satisfactorily. There was never a greater need for a physical culture reform in this country than at present, and I am pleased to see that at last the masses are beginning to realise that physical culture is more than the mere exercising of the body. It is a religion. God gave us our bodies, and it is our duty to keep them in as perfect a condition as we can. The best way to improve the moral tone of the rising generation is to get the young people interested in the welfare and development of their bodies. Then they will realise that to have a healthy body and a sound constitution they must refrain from alcohol, tobacco and all other excesses. Many people say that alcohol and tobacco, when taken in moderation, have a beneficial rather than an ill effect upon the system. Perhaps they have, but how many are there who are always moderate? They may be now, but habits have a way of growing on one, and it is the best policy to let the fire alone lest we get burnt. Most of the large towns now possess gymnasiums where the youth are trained and encouraged in their efforts to attain physical perfection, and Bridlington is not behind the times in this respect. Rather, indeed, it is in advance of some towns, inasmuch as not only is there a gymnasium fitted up in the most modern style, but also a physical culture club, where both old and young may receive instruction in the proper and scientific exercising of the body. Many people, when told that they should take a course of physical culture, answer that they do not wish to have big knotty muscles! Well, physical culture taken for the sake of health does not mean the producing of an abnormal development of muscle. It means making them hard and firm—in other words, healthy. Ladies particularly are afraid that physical culture might make them clumsy and ungainly, but that impression is utterly wrong. Physical culture is the most perfect system for developing the figure. The Grecian women are a proof of this, and from the age of fourteen they were taught by their mothers to exercise in a judicious manner. The result is, that the Greek woman is a type so perfect in physical beauty as have been for centuries the model of the artist, the ideal of the poet and the envy of their sex all the world over.

Mr. Carnegie has presented St. Andrew's University with bonds for £10,000, yielding an income of £500 per annum, to endow the recreation park and gymnasium which he has given to the University.

A grand matinee in air of the fund for the relief of needy survivors of the Light Brigade Charge at Balaclava will be given at the Alhambra Theatre, Leicester Square, on Saturday, October 21. The Alhambra have undertaken to provide the whole of the afternoon's entertainment, and a contingent of the few remaining veterans will be present while Mrs. Brown-Potter recites Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." Applications for tickets (1s. to £2 2s.) should be made to the concert manager, 158 Fleet Street, E.C.

—— Sporting Notes. ——

Rowing.

The annual pair-oared race of the London Rowing Club for the President's (Lord Ampthill) prize, was decided on September 22nd, on the Thames, between Putney and Hammersmith. Only two crews turned out, one being made up of the captain and vice-captain of the club, E. D. Hay-Currie and A. Hamilton Cloutte (stroke), and the other R. McLaren and F. C. Pheysey (stroke). The latter pair put up a fair race for some distance, but the seniors eventually drew away and won by two lengths.

* * *

There were three entries for the Senior Sculls Race of the Thames R.C., rowed on September 22nd, over the Putney and Hammersmith course. The contestants were: J. Beresford, K. Vernon (who had won the Juniors earlier in the week), and W. Messom. A fairly interesting struggle ended in a victory for Beresford by two lengths.

* * *

The same club's annual pair-oared race was rowed on September 23rd, between Hammersmith Bridge and the University Stone at Putney. Three crews entered, viz., A. E. Snelgrove and H. Messom (stroke), J. Beresford and S. O. Pugh (stroke), and R. A. Sparks and G. L. Thompson (stroke). It proved a good race, Messom's crew winning by a length from Pugh's crew.

Wrestling.

Enthusiastic audiences have greeted the Russian Lion at the Metropolitan Theatre of Varieties, Edgware Road. Hackenschmidt had some stiff bouts during the week. On Tuesday he showed fine science in his bouts, his first rival being James Moore, Westbourne Park, but he was quickly beaten in 2 min. 7 sec. Jack Horne, a Newcastle man, gave a great show, and successfully withstood Hackenschmidt for ten minutes, gaining the advertised prize.

* * *

The following night he took on Ted Miller, who was pinned down in 3 min. 50 sec. George Reynolds was Hackenschmidt's next opponent. Reynolds showed smart defence and slippery tactics, while more than once he got behind the champion, who did not gain the fall until the watch showed 7 min. Mr. Edgar's excellent bill includes such favourites as Little Tich, Winifred Hare, and Phil Ray.

* * *

On Friday, Sept. 22, the 9 st. 4 lb. competition, which had been in progress during the week at the Middlesex Music-hall, Drury Lane, was brought to the final stage, the contestants being Arthur Norton, of London, and J. Smith, of Manchester. The event drew a crowded house, even the stage being utilised for spectators. The bout was stern and exciting. Norton, the younger man, forced the pace from the start, and the Manchester man displaying unfair tactics, he was eventually disqualified. The decision was received with cheers by the house.

* * *

The tournament was brought to a close on Saturday, Sept. 23, with the match for the consolation prize, a silver cup, the house being again packed. The belt for the 9 st. 4 lb. competition, which was annexed by Arthur Norton, was presented to the winner, whilst the cup was likewise handed to the winner of the match. Details: Arthur Matthews (Camden Town) beat Max Nafzel (Breslau). The latter,

a very sturdy lad, was somewhat handicapped by a damaged arm, yet he made a good fight of it before being put down in 8 min. 41 sec.

* * *

Crowds assembled at the Standard Music-hall during the engagement of Gotz on Sept. 22, consequent upon the amateur competition which was decided. The first contest of the evening was between Peter Gotz and Jack Levy. These two gave a splendid show, but Gotz won in 2 min. 35 sec. The following bout between Gotz and G. Bartoletti, in Græco-Roman, was just as exciting and quite as scientific. Gotz proved victorious in 11 min. 20 sec. The last item, between Gotz and Albert Ottenbreit, proved to be the most exciting of the three. Gotz once more won in 7 min. 45 sec.

* * *

Peter Gotz concluded his engagement on Sept. 23. He first met W. Jackson, of Westminster, who was easily disposed of in 5 min. 4 sec., and then Jackson, of Aldgate, who put up a capital defence, not being defeated before 6 min. 35 sec. Then followed Gotz and George May, of Walworth, the pair going determinedly for the fall. The Walworth man is some 3 st. the heavier, so Peter had weight to pull about, but with cleverness and skill he kept his man at bay. It was not until Gotz was able to get on his favourite lock, the "scissors" hold, that it was possible for him to defeat his opponent, the time being 9 min. 47 sec.

* * *

There was a crowded attendance at a matinee performance in the Palace Variety Theatre, Glasgow, on Sept. 23, to witness the match between Alex. Munro, the Scottish champion, and Thomas Jenkins, of America, for £50 aside. The last time the pair met at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, Jenkins was the winner. On this occasion the result was most unsatisfactory. Munro did most of the aggressive work, being determined to force the pace. Jenkins showed great agility in getting out of trouble at critical moments. Cries of "foul" were frequent, and Jenkins was repeatedly checked by the referee. After fifteen minutes' hard work without result, a halt of five minutes was called. A couple of minutes after resuming, Jenkins was disqualified by the referee, and the stakes were handed over to the Scot. The referee stated he had checked Jenkins several times for using unfair holds, and he was compelled to disqualify him and award the match to Munro.

* * *

Apropos the above contest, Tom Jenkins states: "I am dissatisfied with the verdict in the Munro match. I will wrestle Munro best two of three, if a responsible referee is appointed."

* * *

Young Jack Smith, who arrived in London on Sept. 23, says he is prepared to meet any man in England at 10 st. under Lancashire rules for £25 or £50 a-side. This offer he made to Gotz, with the proviso that both weigh at the ring-side, but Peter stood out for 10 st. 2 lb. Smith likewise offers to meet Arthur Norton, the winner of the Middlesex competition, in either the classic or Lancashire style, at 9 st., for £25 aside.

Physical Training.

Health is a treasure to be cultivated by wise and judicious physical education. The future as well as the present, to a very great extent, both depend on this. A contemporary says:—

"To teach a mother how to feed her child may be to defeat the invader a hundred years hence; to persuade a youth to play cricket or swim, instead of lounging about the streets smoking cigarettes, may be to make his grandson a great inventor instead of a criminal; or, at the least, to produce a succession of happy, healthy men, instead of miserable, unhealthy half-men."

Ancient and Modern Athletes.

HAVE WE SURPASSED ANCIENT GREECE?

From "THE DAILY MAIL."

THIS is an age of record-breaking. If we could trust to figures alone we should be inclined to believe that year by year the quality of our athletes has improved; but it must be borne in mind also that a certain part of the progress is due to the more favourable conditions under which the feats are now performed. The only other example, perhaps, in the world's history of such a fostering of athletic prowess as we witness nowadays was that which was identified with the famous Olympic games that shed a lustre over ancient Greece.

A comparison of the feats of our forerunners with those of our present champions would be interesting on many grounds, but unfortunately the means of a direct determination do not exist. The Greeks did not possess stop-watches, nor pistols for starting, and even their ideas of measuring lacked the precision that would now be called for. Imagine the authorities at Stamford Bridge, for example, measuring by the "distance which a strong youth could hurl the disc."

OUR ALL-ROUND SUPERIORITY.

Nevertheless, certain means of estimation do exist. We know the system of training adopted by the Greeks, and we have many descriptions of the conduct of the sports, the style of the runners, wrestlers, boxers, and other competitors. Various statues as well as designs on vases that have descended to us in a fair state of preservation have also served to fix our ideas in this respect. We have records of long-distance feats which excited the admiration of the Ancients, and to these we may add accounts of the exploits of their best troops, for example, in marching.

The general impression that arises in one's mind after an attentive study of these data is that the best athletes of today are probably superior to the Ancients in every form of exercise. Consider for a moment such an exploit as that of swimming the Channel and the number of aspirants who have made the attempt. Only one man, it is true, has hitherto been successful, but the feats even of those in the second class are such as would in former days have been thought prodigious.

The old story of Hero and Leander was probably based on the fact that a swimmer had crossed the Hellespont, and the glorification of the deed which we find in the famous legend indicates how extraordinary such an event appeared to the Ancients. The Hellespont is about two miles wide at the place indicated, and Lord Byron and Mr. Ekenhead successfully emulated Leander's exploit. Taking tides into consideration, Byron swam about four miles to cross from side to side. What, then, would the Ancients have thought of Captain Webb or the marvellous Miss Kellerman? But in truth they were not good swimmers, and they were totally unacquainted with many of the effective strokes familiarly used by our champions.

NO EARLY MOUNTAINEERS.

We find the same want of enterprise throughout the whole scope of their sports. The mountains are immemorial, like the sea, but it is only in comparatively recent times that peaks of great height have been ascended. The Ancients, indeed, had a superstitious terror of mountains, and there is no record of any adventurous explorer having ascended Mont Blanc. Hannibal, it is true, crossed the Alps with his army, and this exploit ranked as among the greatest of his military career. Yet it has at least

been paralleled in modern times by French troops led by MacDonald over the Splugen, and by English troops in the Himalayas.

The same lack of enterprise is found even in the field of their games. The Greeks were fond of ball games, particularly of a kind of handball, and another resembling the *jeu de paume* of the French—a kind of exalted battledore and shuttlecock—but these make a poor show in comparison with the wide range of our own splendid ball games, of which cricket and football are the chief. As against their dice-throwing we have a fine series of sports of better quality—from tossing the caber to flinging the hammer. Our foot races are much more varied; and whereas they contented themselves in leaping exercises with the running long jump, we have numerous others, including the high jump, hurdle races, and vaulting.

A SPARTAN FEAT.

The great long-distance feat of ancient days was that of Pheidippides, who, in order to bring the news of the approach of the Persian hosts to Sparta, covered about 135 miles over rough country in two days. This exploit of Pheidippides was, of course, magnificent, yet it would be possible to cite a long list of modern pedestrians who have accomplished still more remarkable performances. The Spartan force which responded to the alarm of Pheidippides reached Attica, according to Herodotus, in the course of the third day. The information is a little vague, and Herodotus is not too critical an authority; but it is evident that the Lacedamonian youths performed a wonderful forward dash. Some of the forced marches, however, of Napoleon's troops through Germany or of Wellington's in the Peninsula were in no whit inferior.

Another record is that of Euchidas, the Bœotian, who executed a brilliant go-as-you-please from Platæa to Delphi and back—some 95 miles—in one day, and fell dead at the finish. Lasthenes gained great fame by beating a war charger over the country from Koronœa to Thebes, a stretch of about twenty miles. At a much later period a Thracian peasant astonished the Emperor Severus by keeping up with his horse the livelong day. This peasant afterwards became the Emperor Maximinus, and the stories related of his strength and his capacity for eating and drinking border on the marvellous. Forty pounds of beef and eighteen bottles of wine, we are told, constituted part of his daily rations.

MARVELLOUS LONG JUMP.

There is, however, only one series of ancient records which we cannot possibly beat nowadays—viz., that of the long jump. Phayllos, of Kroton, we are informed in many inscriptions on the pedestals of statues, leapt a distance of 55 feet! I have sought in vain for some explanation of these figures, for as they stand the feat is incredible. The record for the long jump has gradually increased with us only by inches, and even Mr. P. O'Connor, the present champion, has fallen short of 25 ft. The Greeks in the Halma, or long jump, used weights which they threw behind them at the moment of taking off, but even if we allowed two or three feet for such assistance, the figures still remain beyond all possibility. The Halma was, as far as we can judge, a single bound. The vases frequently represent this long jump in progress, and it has the appearance of being such a leap as in our games. Moreover, the figures of the vases, though representing fine specimens of the youth of a nation, yet display none of them that remarkable adaptation of physical powers that make Mr. O'Connor unrivalled at the sport.

Though I retain a profound admiration for the Greeks, not only for their skill but also for the spirit with which they conducted their games, yet I think we must come to the conclusion that, whatever might be said of general physical efficiency, the greatest athletes of our day have shown themselves superior to their predecessors. They are trained more intelligently, they have more vitality, they last longer than did the Greeks, and they have produced more varied notes and finer harmonies from that subtle and beautiful instrument, the human body in its perfect state.

Club Swinging at the Cape.

Another Match for the Championship.

WE are in receipt of a letter from Tom Burrows, dated Johannesburg, September 2nd, enclosing particulars of a contest which took place there on August 29th, for the Club Swinging Championship.

It will be remembered that, in a recent issue, we gave particulars of an accomplishment which placed Burrows's World's Record, made in this country, in the shade. We then mentioned that the famous Australian would, no doubt, soon after his arrival in South Africa, be prepared to uphold his position, a position which, everyone will agree, has been well earned and fully justified, and a few days after his arrival we find him entering on the task. The contest with F. C. Lloyd for the championship was evidently productive of considerable interest in the district, as may be seen from the account published in the *Transvaal Leader* of August 31st, as follows :—

"On Tuesday night there was a great crowd in the lounge after the "Empire" performance concluded to see the two contestants for world's championship honours, and throughout the night—the second night they had passed on the stage. It was a wonderful sight to see the two men standing up—one on either side of the screen—each in deadly earnest, swinging a pair of globular-shaped, or rather pear-shaped, wooden implements, while everyone eyed them as though they were strange beings from another world. There was Lloyd, swinging front long circles, alternating with back shoulder circles; and on the other side Burrows, swinging back shoulder circles, lower back and front circles, front twist circles, and almost all the exercises in the category of legitimate swinging. He says the variety tells less on him than one or two stereotyped exercises; but, seeing that many of the combinations require a lot of thought to carry out, and are by no means easy, this would appear to the uninitiated not quite correct. It is right, though. During the early hours of the morning Mr. D. Foote played the piano, and several artistes sang, and to the contestants this was the liveliest time, and prevented their feeling sleepy, as would, under ordinary circumstances, be natural. After the majority left, nearing four o'clock, Lloyd, who had not looked too well, had his first bad time. He seemed quite out of sorts, his food apparently had not digested, and he was experiencing the ill-effects thereof. This worked off, fortunately, but towards ten o'clock in the morning he was again taken ill. It speaks volumes for the indomitable determination of the man that he fought as he did against nature. He was very sick, and would have retired, but his pride in his physique was such that he conquered. "While I can stand I will go on," he said. He stood, got over his bad time, by eleven o'clock was quite his old self again, and swinging strongly and

confidently. In the meantime, Burrows had been swinging very steadily. At midday he looked the more tired of the twain, although he said he felt quite fit. The men at this stage were averaging between 120 and 132 swings a minute, and each in his way put in good, clever work. After lunch Lloyd, who in the meantime had digested a good meal, looked and was stronger. He was swinging fairly fast, and, as it appeared, was more easy than previously; there was less "drag," less "jerk" about his work. The matinee drew a very big attendance, and, although Mr. Hyman told Burrows there was no absolute necessity for going on, he insisted on carrying out this part of the programme. He received quite an ovation on going on, and performed some really clever work. On stepping on to the stage, however, he stepped into instead of over the footlights, and slightly strained his ankle. That told on him subsequently; nevertheless, he went on and gave his night turn—wonderful example of pluck and grit. Lloyd revived in extraordinary manner, and in the evening was certainly the stronger of the two. He did not show much variety, but he swung cleanly and kept up a good rate of speed.

THE LAST TWO HOURS.

"After eleven o'clock a vast, excited crowd assembled in the lounge and all the approaches to it, and the one question asked was: Who is to win on points? The question of both completing the time was never raised—this despite the fact that Burrows seemed to have gone weak and was in obvious difficulty as far as his ankle was concerned. Lloyd was swinging as fresh almost as when he started, and looked well. At 11.30 the janitors announced, "Time, gentlemen, please." The men had to leave the lounge and swing on the stage, and to effect this the house had to be cleared. This took some time, and it was quite a quarter to twelve ere Lloyd, who went out first, entered the hall, amid the plaudits of the crowd. Burrows followed, and the sight of the huge throng roused him to his old self. It was a house! From floor to ceiling, boxes and all, it was a mass of heads, and everyone was enthusiastic. With the music and in front of the footlights, the men gave a glorious exhibition. Lloyd showed what he could do. For the first time he put some variety into his work. It was all clear, distinct swinging, and he swung strongly. Burrows' work was nothing short of marvellous considering the weakness he exhibited just previously. The moment he was on the stage he was fully himself, and he swung with rare "go" and grace, and the same wonderful variety. When Mr. Marshall announced "53 hours gone," the house rose; when 53½ hours, it seemed as though the house shook; but when time was announced, and both men stood on their feet, the excitement and enthusiasm baffled description. Just prior to this, Mr. Edgar Hyman addressed the crowd, stating that the strongest committee and the most impartial officials had acted in the contest—officials whose decision the contestants would accept without a murmer, and as sportsmen—and he asked the audience to accept the verdict in the same sporting spirit. He announced, too, that those who liked could subscribe towards the funds, and the management would give an additional ten pounds. The referee, Mr. Platnauer, then asked Mr. McLeod, to announce that

BURROWS HAD WON ON POINTS,

but that the world's record would be held jointly. The decision was well received, and the vast concourse dispersed quietly. At the conclusion, Lloyd was the stronger of the two, and looked able to add another two or three hours to the record. Burrows was more exhausted, and did not seem fit to go on much further."

The Transvaal *Star* also gives an interesting account of the contest from which Burrows emerged successful, and the feat of swinging for 54 consecutive hours is sufficient proof of the capabilities of the man, and the earnest character of the contest. In his letter, Burrows says that he only had ten days in which to train with the result that, at the end of his long swing, his hands were very much blistered, but that otherwise he felt in capital trim, and ready to uphold his

title as Champion of the World against all comers. The *Star*, in its account of the contest, says:—

"In view of the scant interest evinced in similar events in Johannesburg since Burrows established the world's record at Fillis's Circus last year, the enthusiasm which characterised the concluding stages of the great club-swinging contest at the Empire Theatre last night was most astonishing. A scientific club-swinging display is always interesting, but from a spectator's point of view, when prolonged, it proves far more monotonous than interesting. In such contests as that concluded last night, however, it was but the means towards an end, that end being the demonstration of physical endurance, and for this purpose club-swinging is perhaps more suited than any other form of gymnastics or sport.

"The theatre was crowded during the usual performance last evening, and at intervals the lounge was visited by all present. Whilst ascending the stage to go through his performance at the matinee, Burrows severely sprained his ankle, and for many hours he was obviously in great pain. At about 9 o'clock hot compresses were applied, and that evidently relieved the contestant considerably, though throughout the entire evening he was practically standing on one leg. Lloyd had completely recovered from his bad turn in the morning, and was swinging consistently and easily. At 9.30 p.m. Mr. Marshall announced, amidst great applause, that the world's record, held by Lloyd, had been broken. The men swung on, Lloyd maintaining a considerably higher number of revolutions to the minute until the performance in the theatre closed. Some difficulty was experienced by the management in clearing the theatre, and a large number of people paid to witness the final stages of the contest without quitting their seats. At about 11.30 p.m. Lloyd and Burrows left the lounge and, still swinging, walked into the theatre and on to the stage. By this time the place was packed. All the boxes and seats were occupied, while the promenade and the approaches thereto were thronged. The pair were greeted with shouts of applause, and a scene of great enthusiasm prevailed. The orchestra, under Mr. D. Foote, struck up some lively airs, and both men commenced to swing as if giving a fifteen minutes' display at a gymnasium. All signs of fatigue appeared to have altogether disappeared. Burrows's swinging was especially attractive, his combination being perfect and quite worthy of his usual stage performance. After Mr. Marshall announced that the men had been swinging 53 hours, the crowd became more and more excited. Each man had a great following of supporters, who shouted and applauded as each contestant quickened his work or did some especially attractive movement. Three minutes before the finish, Mr. Edgar Hyman took occasion to thank the referee, judges and committeemen, and expressed the wish that, whatever their verdict was, those present would abide by it, and leave the house in as orderly a manner as possible. The entire proceeds of the house, during the final stages of the contest, would, he pointed out, be given to the men, and, in addition, the management would present £10. No sooner had he finished speaking than Mr. Marshall called time, and, for the first time during 54 hours, the men's arms ceased moving. The verdict followed immediately after. Its result was generally expected, and, indeed, there could not, everything considered, have been any other. Sergt.-Major McLeod announced that Burrows had won on points, and, judging by the great and prolonged shout which followed, the verdict was an exceedingly popular one. Burrows was the recipient of congratulations from all quarters, as was his plucky opponent, who, though undoubtedly beaten on points, had made such a magnificent finish. The duties of referee were admirably carried out by Mr. E. J. L. Platnauer, and those of judges by Messrs. A. E. Fleming and Oscar Schuller, and they were well supported by the committee and the management of the Empire."

Personal Benefits I have Derived from Physical Culture.

* * *

To say what benefits I have not derived from physical culture would be far easier than the above, and occupy far less space. I saw Sandow's book, "Strength, and how to obtain it" in a shop window nearly six years ago, and the title struck me as being so interesting that I purchased it. I was then 20 years 3 months old, and a very poor specimen of humanity at that, being only 5 ft. 4 in. in height, 7½ stone in weight, and chest 29 in.; but after reading the above-mentioned book, which I then (and now) considered the best book I had ever read, I determined to try and make a man of myself in the best sense of the word. Being very near the age of manhood, I had often wondered whether I should ever take my place among my fellow-men, as to pass an examination for an electric tramcar driver, which requires a good physique, sound heart and nerves, and height not under 5 ft. 6 in. I was then a conductor on the cars in this city, and in very bad health, being subject to fainting fits, had a weak heart, and suffered from chronic indigestion. I bought a pair of 2 lb. dumb-bells and practised systematically by the chart of physical exercises, much to the amusement of my parents, brothers, sisters and friends, who made fun of me, and said it was all nonsense; but I took no notice of their ridicule, and at the end of a few months the improvement in my physique and health was so marked that their laughter changed to amazement and interest, and they were bound to admit that my efforts were not in vain. At the end of nine months I had increased in height two inches; chest measurement five inches, my other measurements proportionately, and also gained 10 lbs. in weight, and, what was more to me, was that my general health was splendid, with sound heart and a perfect digestion. I then successfully passed my examination as electric tramcar driver, which I should have thought impossible nine months before.

Since this period I have had 3 months' instruction in Sandow's School of Physical Culture, which I think invaluable, as it enables one to learn thoroughly the various movements for all the muscles of the body, and also encourages a friendly feeling of rivalry between the members. I have also practised with Sandow's developer and grip dumb-bells, which, in conjunction with boxing and wrestling, enabled me to obtain a medal from Yukio Tani, the ju-jitsu champion.

At the present day, after nearly six years of physical culture, I have perfect health, and it speaks well for Sandow's system that I have never been ill during my five years' experience as electric tramcar driver, which means exposure to all kinds of weather. I am now competing for Sandow's gold medal for physical development, my measurements now being: height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 9 st.; neck, 15 in.; chest, 33 to 39 in.; waist, 26 in.; upper arm, 13 in.; lower arm, 11 in.; thigh, 21 in.; and calf, 13 in.; and cannot thank Sandow enough for what his system has done for me.

PERCY MONCRIEFFE.

Bristol.

"BAD FOR THE RACE."

"It is a bad look-out for England when men and women in the highest stations of life shirk the responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood." This statement was made by Father Poock in the course of a striking denunciation of a growing modern evil, which, during an address upon "Race Suicide," he delivered at St. Augustine's Catholic Church, Preston. The Catholic priest was even more emphatic than President Roosevelt in his condemnation of women who avoid motherhood. "I have a perfect detestation of the society lady," he said, "and I hope to God I shall never meet any more of them. I don't like their shake of the hand. I don't like them. They are poor representatives of our race. Our society woman is always thinking about her five o'clock tea, going out in her motor-car, and shirking the responsibility of looking after little ones. Our country is in danger of decay through precisely the same causes that led to the decay of Rome, which came about through her noblest dames shirking the responsibility of motherhood." Such a practice, he said, was bad in every way. It was bad for the race. It was bad for the women, for those who had large families were healthier than those who limited them. It was also bad for the children. "Speaking as a schoolmaster," said the priest, "I can always say that where you find a small family you will find the worst type of children. I always fear when I hear of an only child coming to St. Bede's, because I know it has been treated softly and had all its own way. If it gets toothache or stomachache, down comes its mother plaguing my life out. Give me the boy who has had his head punched by his bigger brother, who has had 3d. a week spending money, who has to give up his bed for his sick brother and sleep on the couch, and who has lived on plain food. That boy will become a man, but the boy from a small family has not these glorious things to fight against. What a disgusting subject this is. I wish to God I had done with it," said Mr. Poock, indignantly, and he concluded his address by insisting that such a practice was a mortal, grave, and malicious sin.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

One of the following thrilling personal sketches will appear each week under the title, "The Tightest Place I was ever in":

IN A TEXAN BARN.
By R. B. TOWNSHEND (the Mexican Traveller and Author.)

A GRIZZLY FIGHTIN' MAD.
By "SIOUX" (a Famous Canadian Civil Servant.)

LOST IN THE SPITZBERGEN ICEFLOES.
By CAPT. F. G. JACKSON (of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition.)

R. B. TOWNSHEND, author of "Lone Pine," and other romances of Texas, tells how he narrowly escaped death from the horns of a wounded bull. Marvellous—exciting—thrilling in the extreme.

"SIOUX." Overtaken in the Rockies by an early snow-fall, "Sioux," and his companion camped near their dead pack-horse, by whose side a bear trap was placed. One evening, whilst his friend was going the round of his traps, the Author strolled to a neighbouring spring where he was ambushed and pursued by a raging grizzly. After a wildly exciting chase pursuer and pursued fell into a deep snowdrift, where the latter's foot was caught in the cleft branch of a tree, whilst the bear, within a hair's breadth of striking distance was anchored by the trap-chain and log, caught between two slender pines. The Author's escape was sudden, unexpected, and only just in time.

CAPTAIN F. G. JACKSON, leader of more than one Polar expedition, sets down his "tightest corner"—adrift off the shore of Spitzbergen, in an ice-packed sea. How ever the small boat came to safety was a marvel. "Lost in the Spitzbergen Icefloes" is a most extraordinary narrative.

WIRELESS WONDERS.

UNDER the auspices of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, a series of lectures are being held in connection with the Electrical Exhibition at Olympia.

On Friday last the first of these was given before a packed audience in the Lecture Hall, where Mr. W. Duddell, M.I.E.E., discoursed and demonstrated on Wireless Telegraphy. Mr. Duddell is acknowledged to be one of the best authorities on the subject in this country, and his description of the latest form of transmission, couched in as simple language as the subject permits, was listened to with rapt attention.

The lecturer started by referring to the early methods of communication between two places without connecting wires—namely, the methods which employ leakage currents in the earth, or magnetic induction, and a brief reference was made to the successful installations on these principles set up by Sir William Preece, late Engineer-in-Chief to the Post Office.

The advent of signalling by means of Hertzian waves has so completely diverted attention from the older methods, although some of these are still in practical use, that the lecturer made this portion of his lecture very brief, and devoted the time to Hertzian wave telegraphy.

Commencing by explaining and experimentally demonstrating the forces which exist near a charged conductor or a conductor carrying an electric current, the lecturer explained how Clark Maxwell had predicted, from mathematical reasoning, these forces, by Branley, Lodge, and Rutherford. Apparatus for detecting these waves were described, and some of the original experiments performed at the lecture.

The lecturer next described the pioneer work of Signor Marconi, whose indomitable perseverance and energy have brought wireless telegraphy from the experimental stage into that of practical application. In connection with the early work of Signor Marconi, when carrying out tests in connection with the British Post Office, the lecturer was able, by courtesy of the Post Office, to show some of the early apparatus used for those experiments, which has now considerable historical interest, although it is such a relatively short time—about nine years—since they were actually in use.

The lecturer entered into some technical details of the different parts of the apparatus which are used for commercial wireless telegraphy, and demonstrated to his audience the functions and operations of the different parts, by means of models, lantern slides and experiments. He described the various kinds of transmitters and receivers used by the different wireless telegraphy companies; and he exhibited apparatus kindly lent him by the Lodge-Muirhead Company, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. G. S. Brown, Mr. Bowron, as well as a large amount of apparatus by different makers lent by the Post Office for the purpose. The lecturer concluded by describing some of the tests carried out by Mr. J. E. Taylor and himself under the superintendence of Mr. Gavey, Engineer-in-Chief to the Post Office, between Howth, in Ireland, and the Cable Ship *Monarch*, during which tests actual measurements were made, not only of the current in the vertical wire at the transmitting station, but also of the very minute currents in the receiving wire. These last established the relations existing between the strength of the received signal, and distance, and the height of the vertical wire, and its resistance, etc. It is believed that these results will prove of great practical value in the design of stations for wireless telegraphy. The lecture was illustrated by a number of lantern slides, including portraits of Marconi, Hertz, and the Engineer-in-Chief of the Post Office, and views of wireless installations as well as diagrams of apparatus.

Our Ladies' Page.

The Ungrateful Modern Girl.

WE are not prepared, as a rule, to admit that our grandmothers and their mothers before them were very wise in their respective generations, but, says a writer in the *Lady's Pictorial*, we are bound to acknowledge that, in those days, they understood much better how to produce and cultivate in their girls grace of manner and bearing.

DEFICIENT IN COURTESY.

We have gymnasia, which they had not; we are taught Physical Culture on the latest scientific principles—of this they understood nothing. Our girls live in the open air, walk, bicycle, motor, play all manner of athletic games, while their grandmothers and great-grandmothers were reared like hothouse plants. We no longer squeeze in our waists, or try to keep our feet small as they did; and yet, withal, the horrible truth must be admitted and faced that we possess none of their grace, that our deportment is faulty, and that the pretty lines of face and figure which all women of gentle birth possessed half a century or more ago have not come to us.

WRONG METHODS.

The ungracefulness of the modern girl shows us that our methods must be altogether wrong, and that our much despised and pitied forbears did know a great deal more than we do about training up a girl in the graceful way she should go, and turning her out a courteous, charming woman. What we really lack nowadays is deportment. Our girls never learn this at home, at school, or in the dancing class. What girl is now taught how to come into a room, to enter and leave a carriage with grace, to make a bow properly, to move everywhere with ease and yet display her figure to the best advantage? Few modern women can walk or dance or stand, hold up their skirts, greet their friends by an inclination of the head or grasp of the hand in a thoroughly graceful fashion; yet we see for ourselves what care is taken to drill them and how they have been physically trained till they have grown alarmingly big. This, then, is not the way to do it, and if ever we are again to have a race of women who can carry themselves well, impress other nations by their gentleness and graceful bearing, and restore to England the "cultivated" manner, we shall most certainly have to hark back to the methods of the old-fashioned schoolmistresses and teachers of deportment, keep our girls from overmuch hockey, and insist that they shall be "ladylike" above all things.

SPORTING PATENTS.

This list of Patents is specially prepared for SANDOW'S MAGAZINE by Mr. C. F. Ennis, of Jessel Chambers, 88 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., Registered Patent Agent (by Examination), from whom all information relating to Patents may be had on application:—

Applications for Patents September 11th-16th, 1905:—

18439 B. Behr, Liverpool. Means for absorbing recoil in guns, etc. (Complete specification.)

18668 W. Taylor, London. Golf balls.

18695 W. W. Stocker, London. Golf balls.

18715 D. C. Philip, Glasgow. Boot grip for golfing and similar uses.

Specifications published September 21st, 1905:

826 of 1905 E. H. Taylor, Sevenoaks. Golf tee.

2099 of 1905 G. Schultz, London. Device for making golf tees.

5313 of 1905 M. J. Roberts, Rock Ferry, Cheshire. Dumb-bells.

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And Editorial Chat.

Although I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on the opposite page.

All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

S. Webster (Middlesborough).—I have heard of such a thing happening, but cannot express an opinion.

C. H. Brooke (Amsterdam).—By far the best plan for you to adopt would be to take a course of instruction by post. Send full particulars to me at 17 & 18 Basinghall Street, E.C.

J. W. Carlton (Folkestone).—It should not take more than six months to accomplish it, but it largely depends upon circumstances. Take Plasmon in its various forms.

C. L. Reed (Manchester).—It certainly is not wise to attempt heavy weight lifting at your age.

F. P. Conolly (Belfast). Reduce the work by about one-half, and, if possible, do it in the morning.

N. Anderson (Ceylon).—Glad to receive your letter. Shall be pleased to hear of your further progress.

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Lord Londonderry on Physique.

Lord Londonderry, President of the Board of Education, opening some new schools at Bradford last week, spoke at some length on physical deterioration. There was, he said, one obvious point at which the school could attack physical deterioration—namely, by proper training of the bodies of the scholars in school hours. That was at least possible without in any way departing from the function of the school, and trespassing on the function of the home—or, in other words, relieving the parents of duties which were properly theirs. Another thing they could do in the schools was to remove that ignorance in matters of health which was one source of the neglect and carelessness which led to sickness and disease. The Board of Education were often attacked by a former Vice-President, Sir John Gorst, for enforcing the teaching of children who were not in a fit state physically for profiting by the instruction offered. In so far as the children might suffer as a result of ignorance and want of physical exercises, they accepted responsibility for removing that ignorance and for providing suitable physical training, and it was only since he (Lord Londonderry), assisted by Sir William Anson, had been responsible for the Education Department that the question of teaching rules of health had been taken up at all. They had in the last Code made it clear that direct instruction in the rules of health was expected to be given in every school. As regards physical training, they had substituted for the old system one thoroughly adapted to the needs of the children. But the neglect of the parents or their poverty were causes for which the education authorities had no immediate responsibility. Therefore, while the Board of Education were doing their best to promote physical education and the teaching of hygiene, they were not prepared to admit that it was their duty to see that children were provided with food and clothing as well as with education. As for the feeding of underfed children, they were willing that voluntary efforts should have every opportunity to do their best in this cause, and they were at present enquiring, by a departmental committee, into the extent of the work now being done in this field. As Sir John Gorst had so frequently attacked the Board of Education on this question, he (Lord Londonderry) would like to ask him why he took no such steps during the seven years he represented the Board of Education in the House of Commons.

Mind and Muscle.

The members of the Tyneside Physical Culture Society have given many proofs of their zeal. There was given recently an exhibition of wrestling at the hall in St. Mary's Place, under the auspices of the Society. There has of late been a great increase in the demand for books dealing with the subject. While such signs of interest are welcome more than reading is wanted. People do not learn to swim by studying treatises on the natatory art, but by jumping into the water. Physical culture is a matter of great importance. Only the other day I heard a medical gentleman attribute the shortcomings of popular education to the want of physical training, combined with the improper feeding of children; when the body is starved the brain is not likely to be healthy and vigorous. In short, there is a close connection between mind and muscle. *Newcastle Chronicle.*

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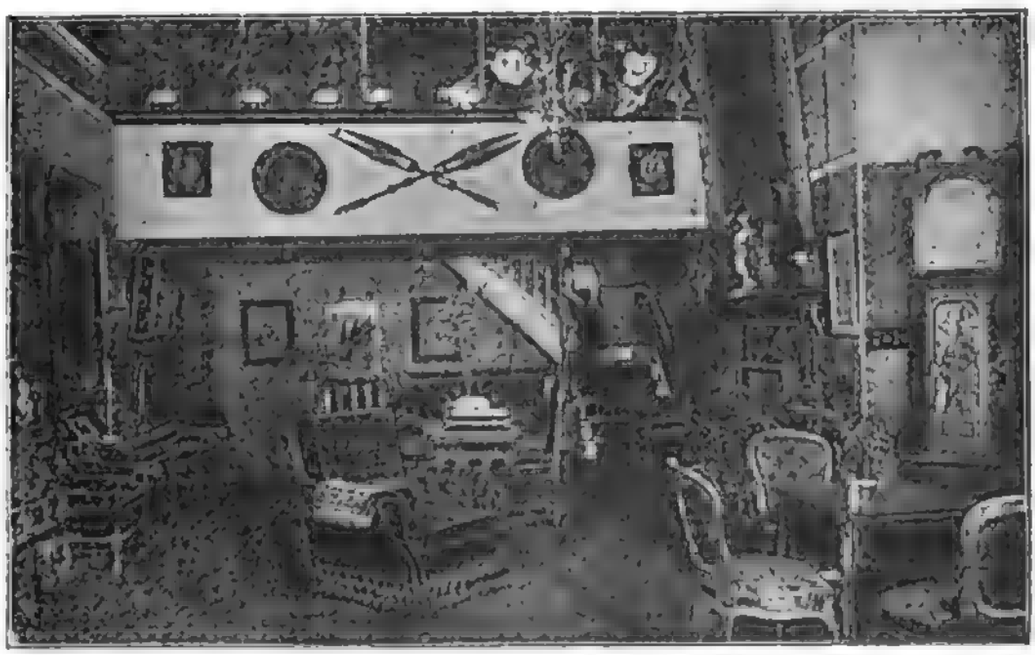

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Sandow's Magazine Physical Culture Competition.

Having regard to the rapid strides in popularity which have been made recently by physical culture, and the fact that five years have elapsed since we instituted our Great Competition, which, as everyone knows, culminated in the mammoth gathering at the Albert Hall, we feel that the inauguration of this magazine in its new form would be a fitting time to revive the Competition which was such a signal success before. The conditions on the present occasion will be slightly varied in order to meet the altered state of things which prevail. It will be remembered that in the first great Competition all entrants were on an equal, but as this is obviously to the great disadvantage of those whose bodies are not fully developed, this time we shall give, each month, medals for two classes, full particulars being given in the conditions set out below.

Conditions of the Competition.

(1) The Competition will be for the purpose of encouraging physical culture amongst all classes.

(2) The judging will be from photographs (back and front if possible) and properly authenticated measurements on the coupon.

(3) A Gold Medal will be presented each month to the one who in the opinion of the judges, shows the best development and most symmetrical measurements amongst (a) those eighteen years of age or under, and (b) those over eighteen years of age.

(4) No photos will be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

(5) The right is reserved to publish any of the photos submitted for competition

(6) **No winner in a previous competition is eligible.**

(7) The coupon on another page stands good until the last day of the month, and the awards will be announced in another issue.

(8) Competitors from abroad will be entered in the month of receipt of Coupon providing it was sent during the month for which it is available.

As a new generation, so to speak, of physical culturists has sprung up since the first competition, it will be interesting to compare the general physique then and now.

SANDOW'S SPRING GRIP DUMB BELLS

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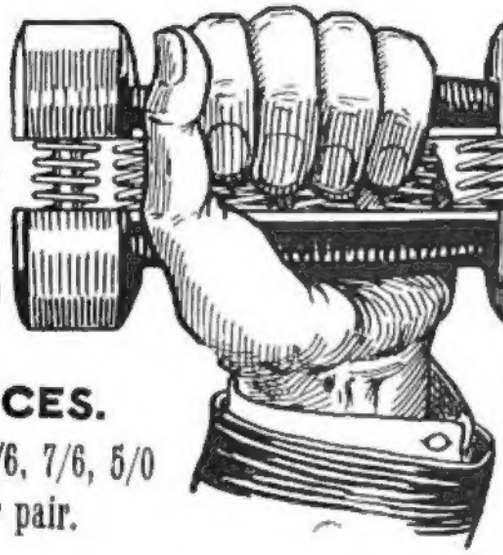
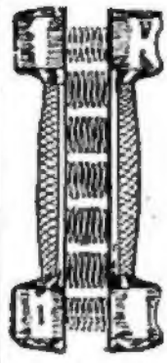
FOR LADIES & GIRLS.

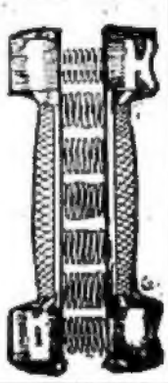




PRICES.

12/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/0 per pair.

CHART OF EXERCISES with each pair.



THIS APPLIANCE IS VERY SIMPLE, and cannot go out of order. It consists of a Dumb-bell made in two halves, separated about 1 inch from one another, the intervening space being occupied by small steel springs, which may be of any strength, and easily removable to vary the resistance.

When exercising, the springs are compressed by gripping the Bells, and bringing the two halves close together, in which position they are kept until the exercise is over. They are suitable for all ages.

The pupil who possesses these Bells will find that instead of having to be continually buying heavier Dumb-bells, **One Pair will suffice him for all time.** All that it will be necessary for him to do will be to purchase, at a small expense, new springs from time to time. All pupils are advised to use the **"Grip" Dumb-Bell,** upon the merits of which I need not enlarge.

I have always taught that muscle is developed **by will-power,** not by mechanical movement, and the simple principle of this latest invention is, by calling forth a **continual Exercise of will-power, to obtain results impossible with any previous Dumb-Bell.**

Yours faithfully,

EUGEN SANDOW.

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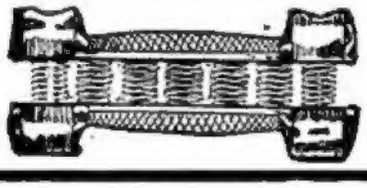

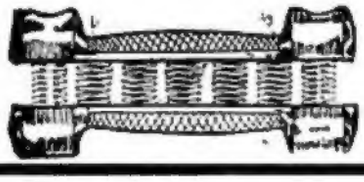

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRES.

ADELPHI—At 8.30, "Dr Wake's Patient." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

APOLLO—At 8.0, "The Gay Lord Vergy." Mat. every Sat. at 2-15.

CAMDEN, N.W.—At 7-30, "Sergeant Brue." Mat. Sat. at 2-30.

COMEDY.—At 8.30 "On the Quiet." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

CRITERION—At 8.30, "The White Chrysanthemum." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

DALY'S—At 8.0 "The Little Michus." Mat Sat. at 2-30.

DRURY LANE—"The Prodigal Son" at 8.0. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.

GARRICK—At 8-30, Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh in "The Walls of Jericho." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

GRAND, Islington—At 7-45, "When London Sleeps."

HAYMARKET THEATRE—At 9.10 "On the Love Path;" at 8.30, "A Privy Council." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S—Mr. Tree—At 8, "Oliver Twist." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.

LYRIC—At 8.15, "The Blue Moon." Mat. Wed. at 2.15.

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway—At 7-45. "In Dahomey." Mat. Thurs. at 2.30.

NEW—At 8-15, "Leah Kleschna." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

PRINCE OF WALES'—At 8-15, "Lady Madcap," a new musical play. Mat. Wed. at 2-15.

ST. JAMES'S—At 8.30, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "Dick Hope." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE—At 8-15, "The Catch of the Season." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-15.

WYNDHAM'S—At 8-50, "What the Butler Saw;" at 8.20, Charles Bertram. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 3-0.

WALDORF—At 8.30, "Lights Out." Open October 5th.

VARIETY THEATRES.

ALHAMBRA—At 7-45, Grand Varieties. New Ballet Divertissement, "Maxixe." Manager, Mr. George Scott.

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CONCERTS.

NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE—Every Sunday Evening, at 7.0. Grand Concerts at Queen's Hall and Alhambra. Secretary, Mr. Henry Mills, 34, Red Lion Square, W.C.

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